

In the Wake of You by **Luddleston**

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

Genre: Anal Sex, Bottom Thanatos, Dirty Talk, Drinking, First Time, Friends With Benefits, Hook-Up, Light Angst, M/M, Top Achilles, background patrochilles, background thanzag, background zagchilles, when you and Death are both in love with a man and he's leaving so you fuck about it

Language: English

Characters: Achilles (Hades Video Game), Thanatos (Hades Video Game)

Relationships: Achilles/Thanatos (Hades Video Game)

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-08-31

Updated: 2021-08-31

Packaged: 2022-12-19 10:50:43

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,465

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Zagreus is leaving for Olympus, and he's leaving behind those who love him desperately.

Achilles can't be who Thanatos needs, and Thanatos can't be who Achilles needs, but a small comfort is better than none at all. And as it turns out, a small comfort can become real affection.

In the Wake of You

Author's Note:

FINALLY some thanchilles from me! obviously inspired by guhdong, the ORIGINAL thanchilles, who made me go from "that would never happen" to "my god, that would totally happen and I ship it!" in a single fic.

There were few constants within the House of Hades, given the frequent redecorating (thanks to the efforts of the prince and all his stolen plunder) and the continual coming and going of various shades.

Even still, certain members of the House could be counted on to remain primarily at their given positions, with few diversions. Hades was always at his desk, Nyx remained close to the central point of the house, and Hypnos drifted somewhere near the entrance. Some were more difficult to track, and of course Zagreus was always running about, but even the more flighty members of the House seemed to settle in specific places whenever they were around.

That is to say, it was quite strange to find Thanatos in the lounge.

It was almost just as strange for Achilles to find *himself* in the lounge, but he did take breaks at times, often to get a drink with Zagreus. Thanatos was much the same, usually sitting with Megaera on the rare occasion he was coaxed from his balcony overlooking the Styx, and so it was even stranger to find him alone.

Perhaps it was the hour. Late (or early) as it was, the only other souls in the lounge were the chef, preparing whatever catch Zagreus had brought through on his last run, and the wretched broker, counting their earnings for the day-or-night. Thanatos was seated in the corner, on one of the new plush seats that had been installed during the latest round of construction. He had a drink in his hand, but he appeared to be contemplating it more than partaking in it, the shimmering gold of the nectar tilting back and forth as Thanatos tipped his hand.

Achilles noted that he was not wearing his gauntlet, nor any of his other armor. Without them, he looked much like any other mortal man staring ponderously into his cup, aside from the brilliance of his hair and the ash-grey of his skin.

"Pardon me for saying so, 'O Death, but you look a bit more pensive than usual," said Achilles, who was an expert on looking pensive, having perfected the art himself not long ago.

Thanatos jumped, and Achilles found himself in the rare position of having startled Death Incarnate. When he was new to the House, he may have feared retaliation for doing such a thing, but now, he was more aware of the ways in which gods were similar to mortals. "Achilles," Thanatos said eventually—a rarity, Thanatos hardly spoke to him, much less addressed him by name. "Off your shift, I take it?"

Achilles nodded. "Thought I'd stop by." In actuality, he'd been simply headed for his quarters in the house, and would not have stopped had Thanatos not been there.

"Would you..." Thanatos ventured, and then stopped himself, frowning down at his glass and not looking Achilles in the face as he continued. "Join me for a drink?" He gestured to the half-empty bottle of nectar. The bottles were small, usually enough for two glasses, but potent enough that one would do well not to finish a bottle off on his own.

"Certainly," he agreed, and the two of them moved to occupy a table (yet another new upgrade to the lounge).

Thanatos poured him a glass with a smooth movement of his wrist, then set down the empty bottle with hardly any noise. "Zag gave it to me," he explained of the drink. "I hear he's been plundering it from the chambers of the underworld and handing it out to everybody he walks by."

"So he has," Achilles said. He'd been gifted a few himself. He took a slow drink, enjoying the slide of it over his tongue—almost as thick as honey and just as sweet, but with a brightness that didn't make the sweetness overpowering. "What's on your mind, if you don't object to my asking?"

Plucking up a conversation with Death Incarnate seemed quite difficult objectively, as reticent as he was, and yet, it was easy to treat him a bit like he treated Zagreus: as a mentee, someone that he could perhaps advise to make his way through the world in a better manner than Achilles had.

Thanatos tilted the glass in his hand again, still staring at its contents. The nectar was almost as bright as his eyes. "What else? The fool who gave me this, of course." He drank perhaps too much of it at once, but seemed unaffected. "He's probably out now, doing his best to run away from me—from this place, I mean."

He had meant the former, Achilles discerned.

He made a soft noise of understanding. "I miss him, too. Well. It isn't as if he's gone yet, but I miss him already, I suppose."

Thanatos gave a soft laugh, almost choked in the back of his throat. It sounded more rueful than joyous. "You know? I think you're the only one who understands how this feels, with him. Meg's just angry, Nyx is proud of him for plucking up the courage to go. And his father..." *Would be happier if he left*, Achilles' mind supplied.

"That's not true," Achilles said. "Cerberus is of one accord with the two of us."

This laugh was more honest. "I wish I could rampantly destroy things whenever someone I love leaves me." Thanatos seemed to realize he had perhaps been a bit too honest, and he hid himself behind another drink of his nectar. Achilles allowed him to gather himself, and did not comment on the slip of his tongue. "I simply mean. Well. I mean what I said, to be honest."

It was quite brave of him. Achilles was expecting him to excuse his words. "I have tried it in the past," he said, and this was brave on his own behalf. "Rampant destruction rarely results in the desired effect."

Thanatos paused a long while, setting his glass on the table. When his eye caught Achilles' again, he looked desperately unsure, younger than his

many millenia of existence. "Do you think he's going to make it out?"

Is he really leaving us?

"My answer will displease you." He hadn't realized how close he was sitting to Thanatos until their knees brushed. "Yes, I think he's going to make it out."

"I'm sorry, then," Thanatos said. "If he leaves for good, I can still find him on the surface."

"The fates always do conspire to separate me from those I most love. I will be alright. This will not be the first time."

In a gesture of weariness that was very human of him, Thanatos dropped his face into his hand, heaving an enormous sigh. "That, strangely, may be less painful than watching him be charmed away from you by the wonders of the world he has never experienced."

He was not wrong. Achilles set a hand on his shoulder. "Do you honestly think he would leave you behind in such a way?" Achilles could not imagine it, himself. Zagreus and Thanatos had always seemed so close, closer even than Thanatos and his own brothers.

"What can I give him that would ever compare to the splendor of Olympus?"

The question hung in the air, and with it, several implications. Thanatos would give Zagreus everything he had. Thanatos worried he was not good enough. Zagreus, Thanatos imagined, wanted more. Zagreus, Achilles knew, wanted more than the House of Hades could give him, and how could he not want more than what its occupants could? The line of reasoning was as simple as it was heartbreaking.

Achilles pulled his hand away, and Thanatos made a sharp noise urging him to stay where he was.

"What do you need?" Achilles asked him.

"Neither of us can have what we need," Thanatos said, his voice not as sharp and acerbic as it should have been, given his words. "But..."

Achilles put an arm around him, loose enough to be broken away from with ease. "May I...?" he asked, before tightening his hold.

Thanatos was leaning into him even as he responded. "Oh—please."

Thanatos was taller than Achilles, he must have been, all the gods were except for Zagreus—and yet, he seemed so small when he was pitched forward like this, his head tucked into the crook of Achilles' neck, hands clasping at his waist and his shoulder, carefully keeping his touches restricted to parts of Achilles which were armored.

The embrace lasted for only a moment, Thanatos leaning away and blinking as if he was coming awake from the sort of sleep his brother induced.

"Achilles," he said after a moment, addressing him by name for the second time that night. "Would you mind, um." How strange it was, to see a god struggle for words. And yet, the bashfulness fit him. "Continuing this discussion in private?"

Achilles very sternly told himself not to consider this a proposition before he agreed.

He realized that considering it a proposition may have been the correct course when Thanatos teleported both of them to his chambers in his flash of green light. Achilles barely had a second look around the room (dark, but lit with warm gold) before Thanatos was pressed close to him, chest against chest, mouth against mouth.

It took Achilles a startlingly long time to realize that Thanatos was kissing him.

By the time he came to said conclusion, Thanatos had leaned away, and was taking a step back. "I... I'm sorry, I should not have assumed."

Achilles had turned Zagreus down a short while ago, citing his lost love of his life. Of course, that was only part of his concern, he was also afraid that Zagreus deserved *more* than what Achilles could give him, more than the broken shell of a man. Thanatos deserved more than Achilles could give him, too, but...

At present, Thanatos *needed* something Achilles could give him.

He did not need to breathe, but it seemed a deep inhale was the only way he could urge his body to steady itself as he pulled Thanatos in for another kiss.

Despite knowing he was fated to die young, Achilles rarely thought about what would happen to him after death. It was the tendency of young men to inherently believe themselves invincible, no matter what prophecies said they were not. Had he been prone to such introspection, though, he never would have pictured himself slowly exploring the shape of Death Incarnate's mouth.

He had expected Thanatos' skin to feel cold as the dead, and he was only somewhat correct. Thanatos' fingers, resting on the back of Achilles' neck, were chilly, but no more so than any mortal man who had spent too much time out in the cold or who perhaps had poor circulation. His lips were warm. His mouth parted, and Achilles discovered this was warmer.

They kissed until lingering turned to hesitation, until Thanatos pulled away, peering at Achilles as though trying to determine what to do next.

"I... do not do this often."

"Bed mortal shades?" Achilles would be unsurprised. He likely would have heard about it if Thanatos was taking shades back to his chambers regularly.

A tinge of gold brushed the highest part of Thanatos' cheekbones, a stain that Achilles recognized as a godly fascimile of a flush. "Bed *anyone*."

It was here that Achilles realized the weight of Thanatos' decision to bring Achilles to his chambers. He was not like an Olympian, easily becoming

lustful and taking any mortal he so desired. The fact that Achilles even saw the inside of Thanatos' room indicated that this was not an immediate decision.

"If you're not interested, I'm not going to keep you here," he added, and Achilles realized he had taken far too long in his answer.

"I was not worried you would try," he admitted. Thanatos was many things, but he was not arrogant nor cruel. "And I am interested."

"I... oh, good. That's. Good."

The stammering made him feel strangely youthful, and Achilles couldn't help but smile. He took the chance to slow down and observe Thanatos' chambers—as per his station it was much larger than Achilles' room, even larger than Zagreus', and the furnishings matched the moody purples and night-blacks Thanatos liked to wear. Despite Thanatos' disinclination to sleep or rest at all, there was a bed in the center of the room, and it was here that Thanatos' attention drifted as well.

"What do you want to come of this?" Achilles hoped Thanatos had an answer, as he himself did not. "What did you imagine would happen when you brought me here?"

Thanatos sighed, and dropped to the ground as he did. Achilles had hardly realized he'd been floating the whole while. Standing, he and Achilles were nearly of a height, although Thanatos was a bit taller. "I'm not entirely sure." His voice was soft, distant, as though he spoke not to Achilles but to himself. "I don't often want company, you know."

"I understand." Achilles had become more solitary himself over the length of his existence in the underworld. Save for Zagreus, of course. Thanatos was the same in this regard, it seemed. Both of them lonely souls, drawn to a presence that made them feel a bit more whole.

"Would you like another drink? I've got about a half-dozen of these." Thanatos produced another bottle of nectar from a shelf of curios that was remarkably better organized than Zagreus', but equally full of skulls. There

were three glasses beside it, much higher in quality than those that were found in the lounge. He pulled down two, then frowned into one and replaced it for another.

The glass he'd left on the shelf wasn't empty: in the bottom sat a tiny collection of golden leaves. Achilles needed no guesses to determine where they had come from.

"I could use another, yes. I'll owe you for this, but I do have my own stash of the same."

"Maybe next we run into each other," Thanatos said, sitting on the bed despite there being two chairs next to a floor-to-ceiling bookshelf.

Achilles sat beside him, once again close enough for their knees to touch, and took the glass he was offered.

Nectar was always sweet, but tended to taste slightly different from bottle to bottle, and this one had a bit of a kick to it. It didn't burn like strong alcohol, but it tasted heavily spiced, and Achilles was certain it was more intoxicating than the last. Could a shade even become inebriated? He never drank enough to know, fearing that it would only send him into a reverie the likes of which he would never escape. Thankfully, now, he was not drinking alone.

Achilles always was comfortable with a companionable silence, although they had been harder to come by when he was younger and prone to filling any silence with song. He hadn't even considered doing so since his death. And so, companionable silence.

Thanatos finished his glass a bit too quickly, as though he needed something with which to occupy his mouth. Achilles took too big a swallow to keep up with him, but found the urge to cough around it dampened, likely because he had no airways to block and no nerves in his throat to irritate. Thanatos reached out to accept his glass, which required Achilles to finish the last sip of his drink, and then Thanatos very efficiently placed both glasses on the floor and himself in Achilles' lap.

Out of habit, Achilles' hands reached for Thanatos' hips to steady him. When Thanatos made a soft noise of surprise, Achilles remembered that he could hover above the ground and therefore had no concern with tipping over.

"You said you don't do this often," Achilles ventured, "exactly what are you comfortable with?"

"I don't know," Thanatos admitted, which made Achilles wish that they had not begun drinking, because he would rather have all his senses intact when dealing with a partner who had little experience. Although, 'not often' for a god could be quite frequent for a mortal, Achilles got the strange feeling he was more used to this than Thanatos. "I don't think I would have trouble stopping you if I dislike anything."

"You wouldn't. You need only ask." As it turned out, shades could become inebriated. Achilles already felt the warmth of it, the foggy feeling at the back of his skull. It happened sooner than he was used to—perhaps another bit of his invulnerability in life that had been stripped away post-mortem.

"Kiss me again, at least. I... I liked that."

Pulling Thanatos into another kiss was startlingly easy. Both of them ached for someone they could not have, Achilles twice over, and yet they came together with all the simplicity of breathing.

Thanatos relaxed into the kiss, melted against Achilles' body, one of his hands clasping the back of Achilles' neck. It had been so long since he was touched like this. When had he even last kissed *Patroclus* like this, deep and sensual, so hard it was a challenge to determine whose body belonged to whom? It must have been before everything fell apart...

He couldn't bear to think of it any longer, and he held Thanatos closer to block out any would-be memories of his past.

They lingered in it, and Thanatos shivered in his arms, rocking against him slightly. The long robes they both wore were bunched between them, and Achilles' armor dulled the sensation of Thanatos' body against his. Even so,

he could feel himself becoming so aroused it ached, his body embarrassingly quick to react. It had been *so long*.

“Blood and darkness, you’re...” Thanatos paused, set his forehead against Achilles, and made an irritated little noise as though words escaped him. “I do not normally find mortals or shades attractive.”

“I suppose you mostly see mortals in our most unattractive of states.” Dead, dying, or grieving over someone Thanatos had come to collect.

Achilles had one hand set on Thanatos’ back, and could feel him breathing hard. “That is true. But you. I want to do more than just kiss you.”

“And what is it that you want?” Achilles wondered, if he reached between them, would he feel Thanatos in the same state he was?”

“I don’t know,” Thanatos said, as if he was hedging what he truly desired.

“Tell me,” Achilles said, the hand he’d rested on Thanatos’ back sliding down to his waist. “What is it that you imagine our dear prince doing to you?”

Thanatos was silent for a moment, and Achilles feared he had overstepped, that he’d brought Thanatos’ feelings for Zagreus in where they did not belong. Then, he exhaled, shuddery and extensive, and rocked forward in a motion that was very clearly him grinding his cock against Achilles’ abdomen (although he could hardly feel it, still encased in his armor). “I imagine a lot of things.”

“I’ll do whatever it is you desire.”

Thanatos dug his nails into Achilles’ shoulder, clutching at him as though he wasn’t thinking of it, he simply needed to hold on. “Fuck me.”

It wasn’t what Achilles had expected—Thanatos was a *god*, and Achilles a mere shade, entirely unworthy of such a deed. Although, it wasn’t as if Thanatos wanted *Achilles* to fuck him. He wanted *Zagreus*, and Achilles

would be lying if he said he hadn't imagined the same on more than one occasion.

And so, he repeated: "whatever you wish."

"So obedient of you," Thanatos said, sitting up on his knees so that he was a little taller than Achilles, stroking over his hair and then cupping his face. "Something tells me you weren't quite like this in your mortal days."

"In my mortal days, there were few people worth obeying," Achilles said. He'd been submissive when he wanted, but only Patroclus saw that side of him.

"And I am?" Thanatos did not so much climb out of his lap as float off of him, hovering before him. He was genuinely unsure, puzzled like he had no idea why Achilles would want to please him.

"Imminently so." He reached out to hook two fingers into Thanatos' belt. "Now. May I start undressing you?"

"No need." Thanatos merely waved a hand and everything he wore, from his flowing black chiton to the ornamentation about his wrists and neck vanished at once, leaving him bare before Achilles and displaying in full view exactly how aroused he was by what they had been doing. Not fully erect, but it was certainly gratifying for Achilles to know he'd affected Thanatos.

He was a vision of godly perfection, not a single scar or blemish, all of him in perfect proportion—although, his cock was larger than Achilles would have expected. Had he been a living mortal, and had their positions been reversed, he might have worried. Now that he was bare, Achilles could see that his flush descended from his throat to his chest, and that his cock was turning the same ichor-bronze.

"You know," Achilles said, after a moment of collecting himself, "sometimes your lover *does* want the experience of taking your clothes off." He satisfied himself with removing his own, dropping his cloak onto the bedcovers and then standing up to start ridding himself of the rest.

“That’s not very efficient,” Thanatos noted.

“It’s not meant to be,” said Achilles, stuck in an odd position where he felt distinctly as if he had more knowledge and experience than a god. He had become used to this in many instances with Zagreus, but not with Thanatos. “It’s meant to be enticing. Baring one bit of skin at a time, slowly revealing your body.” Against his own advice, he rid himself of his breastplate quickly.

“I think I understand,” Thanatos said, stepping forward and taking Achilles’ hand, slowing him before he might move to continue catching up with Thanatos’ pace. “Allow me?”

"Please do. Though there is not much left to remove. The pin is here," he said, instructing Thanatos perhaps unnecessarily. Although, if he typically dressed and undressed in the manner he just had, maybe he would not have known how to unpin Achilles' under-layer.

Thanatos did not start where instructed. Rather, he took Achilles' hand, found the laces of the gauntlet at his wrists. Achilles was struck quiet as Thanatos carefully removed one, and then the other. "I am assuming this will make your hands on me more pleasant," Thanatos said, by way of explanation. "Not that I don't enjoy a bit of roughness from time to time, but..."

"But that is not what you want from the prince," Achilles finished for him.

"Yes." He said it similarly to his admission that he loved Zagreus, like revealing his attraction to the prince and his desire to be treated gently by him were a depth of boldness which Thanatos had never reached before. This was probably true. Achilles had no doubt he was the first person to whom Thanatos had confessed these feelings. He resolved himself to treat them with care.

The next action Thanatos took was, beyond all reason or logic, to kneel in front of Achilles.

Achilles was much more deferential in death than he'd been in life, but even in his most prideful days he would have been shocked to have a god bow before him like this. But here Thanatos was, on his knees to undo Achilles' sandals. He did not look up, and his hair shaded his eyes like this. Even if he had, Achilles would have had a hard time reading his expression. Thanatos was always a little inscrutable, probably a side effect of his godhood. Nobody entirely understood Death.

All he could tell himself was that Thanatos was picturing him as Zagreus. Achilles himself would get on his knees for Zagreus.

When he stood, he was smiling. Smirking, really, with the kind of arrogance even the gentlest of the gods possessed. He was doing this, probably, because Achilles was staring agape at him.

"Where was that pin, again?" His voice wore a tease well.

Achilles found himself smiling back. They may have been a pair of lonely hearts, but that didn't mean this had to be sorrowful. "Here," he said, guiding Thanatos' hand.

Thanatos did not try to disguise how intently he looked at Achilles once he was undressed. He didn't seem particularly amorous about it, but it was possible his face simply didn't show that, because he said, "Achilles, you are attractive even with the cloak and the long skirts but without..." he placed himself in Achilles' lap again. This time, Achilles did not reach out to steady him, and Thanatos' chilly hands settled on his shoulders. "You're... oh gods." His voice was quiet, cracked a little on his oath.

"I'm sure I'm nothing compared to the prince," Achilles said.

"The... oh. Right." Thanatos shifted in place, directing his gaze very obviously at Achilles' cock. "Right. I... you asked me what I wanted Zagreus to do to me—I realize perhaps I ought to ask you the same question. What do you want?"

"I want to fuck you," Achilles reassured him.

"You want to fuck Zagreus, then?" The teasing was back, a little smile pulling at the corners of his lips.

Achilles was taken aback by the question, knew he was flushing and stuttering over it. "I... I, yes. Would that he ever... I would say yes."

Thanatos' fingertips traced up his neck, under his chin, lifting his head. "I will do my best to please you in his place," he said. It was more deferential than Achilles would ever expect from him, made him feel as if he should be bowing before Thanatos, so low his forehead pressed to the ground.

"I... thank you, Lord Thanatos." Unreasonably formal for somebody who had a naked god in his lap. For somebody who'd just admitted he wanted to *take* said god, in a way that a mortal really shouldn't.

"Thank me by making good on your promises, Achilles," Thanatos said.

Achilles cupped the back of Thanatos' head, fingertips digging into the prickle of his short hair, and tugged him in for another kiss. Thanatos went into it willingly and with a little noise of bliss, shifting his hips so that his cock could rub against Achilles'. The contact was like nothing Achilles had yet experienced in death, and he was so overwhelmed by the sensation he opened his mouth in a helpless gasp. Thanatos took the opportunity to steal Achilles' breath with his tongue, kissing him with a chillingly single-minded focus that Achilles expected of Death Incarnate.

Achilles used the hand on the back of his neck to pull Thanatos over, and was caught by a moment of resistance, as if Thanatos had naturally stilled in his grip and had to consciously remind himself to go with. Thanatos had said he rarely bedded anybody, but Achilles got the idea that he wasn't used to being in a submissive position on the occasions when he did.

He acquiesced quickly though, letting Achilles pull him back onto the bed, on his back. His arms went around Achilles' shoulders, not slowing down for a moment, kissing Achilles like he had no need to hurry things along.

The pace was too languid, not because Achilles' desire was overwhelming but because it made him think of the rare occasions he'd been able to take

his time with Patroclus, back before their life was war and exhaustion, when he'd been able to truly make love to his other half. He pulled away from Thanatos, unable to bear his own thoughts a moment longer.

Beneath him, Thanatos' eyes were glazed, dark with lust, his lips starting to go ichor-gold where Achilles had nipped him. He strained up against Achilles, fitting Achilles' thigh between his own to rub up against him.

That was more like it.

"Turn over," Achilles said. "I'm certain you'll be more able to picture him if I have you from behind."

"Okay." Thanatos pushed at Achilles' shoulder, urging him to back off, to give him space to move. Right. "I think... like this. This is good."

He was facing the elaborate headboard of his bed, his hands on the carved wood of it. He sat up on his knees, legs spread, the arch of his back so sweet Achilles couldn't help but place a kiss at the small of it as he came closer.

"If you're certain," he said.

"I am."

"Do you have some sort of oil, or lubricant?" Achilles asked him, and then the words felt silly. Did Thanatos even *need* it?

He nodded. "The table, by the bedside. Top drawer."

He found it, a small shallow jar in the same hues of purple that adorned all of Thanatos' belongings, the rim of the lid edged in gold. "How would you like this?" Achilles asked. "I could open you with my fingers, first."

He shook his head. "I don't have the patience, Achilles." His voice was cold, sharp, and Achilles would have thought he was annoyed if he wasn't gripping the headboard tight enough to pale his knuckles. "I wouldn't... have the patience for Zagreus, either. I want. I want you in me, now."

"Do you?" Achilles wasn't sure how far he could tease, but he had at least a moment of excuse, still slicking up his cock.

"Yes. What, do you want me to beg?"

"I'm not sure," Achilles said, drawing close to him. His hand gripped at Thanatos' hip, sliding slick against his skin from the oil he'd used. "Would you beg for Zagreus?"

Thanatos looked over his shoulder, glaring and blushing and undeniably *cute*. "I wouldn't *need* to beg for Zagreus. He'd be inside me already."

"The lad never has had patience," Achilles said. He trailed his fingers down Thanatos' abdomen, sliding until Thanatos' cock fit between his first and middle fingers, and then back up, just the barest hint of stimulation.

Thanatos rocked his hips backward, rubbing against Achilles' cock. His patience was running out fast. Thanatos' was running out faster. He reached behind himself, grasping Achilles' cock, stroking once before trying to angle himself to take Achilles, making a happy sigh as soon as he managed to fit the head of Achilles' cock inside himself.

That little sound did in any attempt Achilles may have made to keep from filling Thanatos all at once. He fucked forward so fast that Thanatos' hand slapped back onto the headboard and he groaned, his head dropping down. The line of his shoulders strained and Achilles pressed his mouth there, kissing from one side to the other.

"Is this what you wanted?" Achilles asked.

"Yes," Thanatos said, following it up with a less coherent noise that sounded a lot like *Zagreus*.

Achilles wasn't sure whether it was the fact that he'd denied himself so long or the particular bliss of Thanatos' body or the mental image of having Zagreus like this—he wasn't going to last long. He pressed his chest to Thanatos' back, his hands on the headboard over Thanatos' own, his eyes closing as he let his mind wander to the subject of their mutual affection.

He'd not allowed himself to imagine Zagreus in such a context, and his mind shied away from it even now, but that was the entire point of this little excursion, was it not? And so he allowed himself, for just a moment, to imagine pressing tight to Zagreus, filling his dear student and prince with short, rough thrusts, the room going hazy with their breath and with the sound of skin against skin, sweat running down Zagreus' back, his arms shaking where he held himself up.

"*Zagreus*," Thanatos said, more clearly this time, and Achilles couldn't help but agree. "Oh, more, please!"

"That's good," Achilles said, because of course he'd praise the lad, Zagreus was always so good for him, he'd be so good for him in bed, too, taking everything Achilles gave him. "You're so good."

Despite the fact that Thanatos had seemed as lost in fantasizing about the prince as Achilles had been, the next name that slipped from his lips was "*Achilles*."

It gave Achilles pause, enough that he stopped moving for a moment, which had Thanatos reaching around to grasp his hip, tugging Achilles flush against him again.

"Don't stop."

He couldn't say no to that, but he also couldn't say he was thinking entirely of Zagreus anymore. He opened his eyes to watch the way Thanatos moved beneath him, his head rolling to the side, cheek pressed against his bicep. The angle let Achilles see his mouth open, and then a flash of white teeth as he bit his lower lip. Thanatos was beautiful, always, but especially when his pale lashes fluttered with Achilles' every thrust. His hair was starting to plaster to his face with sweat, brilliant silver-white against his dark skin.

The longer Achilles went on, Thanatos lost his ability to keep quiet, soft noises breaking whenever Achilles fucked into him just right. "*Oh, oh, Achilles—*"

There it was again, his name instead of Zagreus'. He removed his hands from the headboard, sweeping them down the length of Thanatos' body until he seized Thanatos' hips, pulling him back sharply onto his cock.

Thanatos' eyes snapped open, then rolled up so far Achilles could hardly see the gold of them. "Achilles!"

Was he crying out because he knew how badly Achilles wanted to hear this from Zagreus? His name, breathed in a cry of ecstasy. "That's it," he said, his mouth against Thanatos' nape. "Take it, love."

Whether he called him the endearment as some proxy of what Thanatos wanted to hear from Zagreus or because Achilles genuinely wanted it, he could no longer tell.

"I can't..." Thanatos cried, his hands flexing on the headboard. "I can't hold myself up like this, gods." His arms were shaking.

It wasn't that he didn't have the strength, Thanatos was a *god*, after all. He was just melting into Achilles' embrace, overcome with feeling rather than sensation. Maybe sensation, too, a bit. Achilles gave him a moment to adjust, lowering his chest to the pillows and wrapping his arms around one.

He looked over his shoulder again, focusing on Achilles' face.

"I'd like it... I'd like it if you'd hold me down," he said.

Achilles couldn't help it, he rocked into Thanatos again, the admission like a stab of arousal in his gut. He settled a hand on Thanatos' neck, just at the base of his skull, feeling warm skin and the fuzzy drag of Thanatos' short hair. "Like this?"

"Press harder," he instructed. "Really make me take it."

He put just a little of his demigod's strength into it, holding Thanatos still at two points, one hand on the back of his neck, the other on his hip. The first thrust had Thanatos' shoulders flexing, the next hand him loosening, tension bleeding out of him as Achilles *made him take it*.

"This is how you want Zagreus to fuck you?" Achilles asked.

"No." Thanatos swallowed, looking up at him again. "It's how I want you to fuck me."

His fingers tightened on Thanatos' neck, and he would have worried, had it not made Thanatos moan and buck hard enough beneath him that Achilles actually had to put effort into keeping him still.

"Zag's sweet. He wouldn't be rough with me. Ares isn't, either, he doesn't fuck me." Thanatos gritted his words out around groans, because Achilles was not stopping to listen to his explanation this time. He was letting Thanatos' confessions hit him where it brought him the most pleasure. "You're strong. You... you can pin me down." He struggled again and let Achilles prove this. "Gods, I couldn't get away from you unless I blinked."

"Do you *want* to?"

"Blood and darkness, no. Keep going—I want you to make me come." His voice went a little higher-pitched with sex, whiny and needy. Achilles wondered if anybody else had ever heard him like this.

He moved his hand to Thanatos' back, just below his neck, flattening out his palm and putting all his weight on it, crushing Thanatos into the mattress.

"Like this?"

Thanatos had a hand up under himself, stroking his cock. If Achilles was feeling more domineering, he'd bat Thanatos' hand away, tell him to wait on Achilles' orgasm, but as it were...

As it were, he wouldn't need to wait.

Achilles fucked harder as he came, letting go of Thanatos' hips, both hands on his back, one cupping his neck and the other lower, between his shoulder blades. As it turned out, his grip was all that had been holding Thanatos up, and his lower half dropped to the mattress, too. Both his hands tangled in

the sheets, abandoning his cock so he could grind against the mattress instead.

It was less an orgasm and more a collapse. Both of them were rubble after.

Achilles had fully fallen against Thanatos' back, his forehead pressed where his hands had been, his hands on Thanatos' shoulders. They breathed out of sync with one another. Achilles wasn't certain *why* he needed to breathe like this. Death had no need for such things, for the way his heartbeat throbbed through his whole body and his exhales came hot and wet against Thanatos' spine.

Death Incarnate, however, was still catching his own breath.

Achilles couldn't pinpoint the moment when Thanatos came, but it must have happened. He turned his head so he no longer had a mouthful of the pillows. "You can stop crushing me, now."

"Oh! Of course, apologies," Achilles said, pulling out and rolling off him. He'd positioned himself in the direction Thanatos wasn't facing, but Thanatos turned his head. He was flushed gold with ichor, still, and when he rolled onto his side, Achilles could see his belly smeared with come.

"Thank you," Thanatos said. Achilles could tell himself it was just a response to being freed from his weight. It wasn't. He knew it wasn't.

"My thanks to you as well," he said, too formal for the bedroom.

Thanatos' eyes fluttered shut again. He breathed slow. Was he falling asleep?

"I ought to leave you to, ah."

"Yes, fine." He put a hand around Achilles' wrist before he could fully pull away, though. "If you... also enjoyed this," he said at length, his telltale awkwardness returning, "We could do it again sometime." This was what Achilles found charming about him. One moment, he was begging Achilles to pin him and fuck him, the next, he was shy.

"I'd like that," he said, brushing Thanatos' disheveled hair out of his face and giving him a parting kiss.

Several parting kisses, actually, during which he thought of no man but Thanatos.

Author's Note:

Find me on twitter [@luddlestons](#) or on my NSFW twitter [@luddlessmut](#)